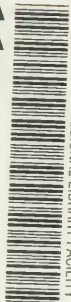


JINGLING RHYMES

BY

C. EDWARD HAMMOND.

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Jingling Rhymes

BY

Charles Edward Hammond.



In having dared to print these rhymes,
I know alas,
I am an ass,
Thus adding to my other crimes.

So here upon my bended knee,
With them, to you
I send, my true
And humblest full apology.

Please on to my cupidity
For Author fame,
Lay all the blame,
Forgiving my stupidity.

ELY

G. H. TYNDALL, THE MINSTER PRESS.

1905.

PR
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DEDICATED TO MRS. H.

SWEETEST, AND BEST; THROUGH WHOM, MY WHOLE
WORLD SHINES,
TO THEE I DEDICATE THESE JINGLING LINES,
ONLY REGRETTING, THAT THEY SEEM TO BE
SUCH WORTHLESS THINGS TO DEDICATE TO THEE.

867089

SELECTED BITS, 1877-87 FROM LONG PIECES.

THUS, have you ever led me on, until
The all absorbing passion of my love,
Eats down into the very core of life,
Rending, all buds of promise, that might bloom,
Yielding their fruits of benefit in time,
But for this love ; and love is only left,
This, only of all promises that were,
This, only of all things which might have been.

—:O:—

And now, those fires which scorched my very soul,
Burn brighter still ; and love, that used to be ;
Is ever strengthened by those passionate fires,
Burning with brighter force, and purer light,
Till my poor heart is crushed, but yet rebels
Against those powers that would hold it down,
To drown it in the very pestilence,
Of thy sweet love ; so, gaining thus new life,
And drawing, from the ashes of the past,
Fresh lessons, and fresh strength, to battle with.

—:O:—

So, turn thy head away ; and if thy heart,
Should feel a pang of sorrow, or a tear
Dim thy bright eye, as some unwelcome thought,
Sweeps like a sigh across thy memory,
Stay it a moment, ere it passes by,
Then, store it with those sacred memories,
That lie, deep hidden, in thy inmost heart,
That sacred temple of a happy past.

SONG, JULY 13, 1887.

I wait thy coming.

Give me, of thy patience so to wait,
 Till thy light form, comes tripping through the gate.
 Will my fond heart despair, it beats so fast,
 The wild blood rushes madly through my brain,
 If I wait on, say, will she come at last,
 Or will my appetite, cause, such a pain
 In my poor hollow breast, that I shall trot,
 To where some dinner waits, me surely not.
 If but the faintest chance, remains to me,
 My self, to see thy self, I'll wait and see;
 I'd starve outright, to have one word from you,
 In coldest weather, I would wait all day,
 Until my body, turned to brilliant blue,
 If I, could there by only hear you say,
 "I love you."

BANJO SONG, 1894.

HOW sweet was the garden at even's wain,
 And my love was there I knew,
 Then the old old times rushed back again
 With all the pleasure and all the pain
 They had held for me and you
 My love,
 They had held for me and you.

I entered and reached the old old tryst
 And no one knew I was there,
 Then my own sweet love came through the mist,
 We met for a moment, we spoke, we kissed,
 I and my love so fair,
 My own,
 I and my love so fair.

We parted, and yet I was waiting still
 With the sweet dream fresh to my brain,
 The shadows of night crept down from the hill,
 The mists from the hollows rose dark and still
 I was alone again,
 Farewell,
 I was alone again.

Then the love of years like a surging tide
 Raged wildly over my heart,
 The gates of my passion stood open wide,
 Better it were to have met and died,
 Than live for ever apart,
 My love,
 Than live for ever apart.

SONG TO L.M.J., FELIXTOWE, AUGUST.

I AM standing on the shingle,
 While the waves are murmuring low,
 Above the sea, the moon is rising clear;
 I am waiting for my darling,
 She will meet me here I know,

She promised me, that she would meet me here ;
 She is coming, I can hear her
 Little footsteps, drawing nearer,
 My heart is beating wildly,
 Half in hope, and half in fear.

CHORUS.

I am waiting for my darling,
 She is all the world to me,
 She promised me, that she would meet me here ;
 We will walk alone together,
 By the sadly moaning sea,
 While the moon above is rising bright and clear.

We are here again together,
 Where we oft have met before,
 Must we part so soon, how quick the moments fly ;
 Will you meet me here again,
 Tomorrow eve, upon the shore,
 As you did, in all those happy days gone by.
 She has gone, the night is dreary,
 Waiting still, and waiting weary,
 I can hear her footsteps fading,
 Far away, good night, good bye.

CHORUS.

I will wait for you tomorrow,
 You are all the world to me ;
 You promised me, that you would meet me here ;
 Again we'll walk together,
 By the sadly moaning sea,
 While, above, the moon is rising bright and clear.

TO E.B. PLAYING AT THE PIANO.

SWEET little lady,
Playing away,
Play on for ever,
Play on for aye,
Summer, or winter,
Sunshine, or rain,
Careless of sorrow,
Careless of pain,
Be bright, thy tomorrow,
And bright be thy today ;
May the sweet flowers of spring,
Be all strewn in thy way,
May the roughest of paths,
For thy lot, here below,
Be a path through a meadow,
Where wild flowers grow.
Let each sorrow, and pain,
Which may chance to arise,
Be a beautiful pleasure,
Arrayed, in disguise.
May each pleasure, and joy,
In the highest degree ;
Be a rapture of sweetness,
Created, for thee.
So the world, with its sadness,
Shall borrow a ray,
From the sun of thy gladness,
To brighten its day ;
Till where ever thou comest,
All people, declare,
That the world is the better,
For having thee there.
Sweet little lady,
Playing away,
Play on for ever,

Play on for aye,
 Summer, and winter,
 Sunshine, or rain,
 Free from all sorrow,
 And free from all pain.

THE DEAD BIRCH TREE IN ST. MARY'S CHURCHYARD, NEWMARKET.

I KNOW you all well ; as you pass me bye,
 You give me a glance, a smile, or a frown.
 Saying, " Why the deuce don't they cut you down,"
 " I suppose if you fall, they'l let you lie."

The Rector, has known for a year they say,
 That I have been dead, and cumber the ground.
 Surely an hour, at the least. might be found,
 To cut me down, and to cart me away.

Each Warden goes by, with a smiling face ;
 Looking up at my boughs, in silent mirth,
 Says, " Its really as much as my place is worth,"
 To have the dead birch, cleared out of the place.

If Rector, and Wardens, and people all,
 Are persuaded, my bleaching branches grace,
 And adorn, with beauty, the sacred place.
 Preserve, and support me, before I fall.

I cannot last long, in my present state ;
As I stand a wreck, in the old church yard.
Please start a collection, and have me tarred,
And left, as a tombstone, to mark my place.

Let my epitaph be,
By whose command ;
Is't no one's duty, to clear me away.
Wardens, Rector, dare nobody say.
And nobody dares, so hear I stand.

THE CATS' COMPLAINT TO THEIR MISTRESS.

Tipoo Tib. Futtty Mutty. Squabble the housedog.

PRAY, Pray,
Why do you stay ?
You surely, have been for a month away ;
And, we've only just heard the master say,
That you won't be back, for a week, to day.

That's all very well, but you must agree,
If you, could change places with all of we,
It's a doos'ed unpleasant place to be,
Unless, our judgment bags at the knee,
If you'd only come back and look, you'd see.

In fact I know hardly where to begin.
 Well ; Firstly, there's no one to let us in,
 The Painters are making an awful din,
 Our room's, inside out, and quite outside in.
 We've, nowhere to lie, and nowhere to sleep,
 And, the back kitchen passage is where we must keep,
 It is hard, and its cold, and it makes your blood creep.

Then ; As to our food, it's good, what we get ;
 If there's anything nice, Squabble's there, and as yet,
 You'll never find much, when she's done, you may bet.
 And the Master, has only a pink kind of fish,
 And declares, it is really too dainty a dish
 For we cats, if we want it, why then we may wish.

We've no chance, to steal
 From the master's small meal,
 He thinks, such a deal
 Of the eggs of the teal ;
 Eggs ain't in our line.
 When we want to dine,
 A duckling, or chicken,
 Alive, and all kicking,
 Is what we prefer,
 To the bones we are picking.

SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

LIST, to the cry of the yellow sands,
 Children, children ; summer commands,
 Come, from the towns, and the country lands,
 Come, in ten thousand thousand bands,
 Dig with your spade, and dig with your hands,
 But come, to the cry of the yellow sands.

Then, off with your stockings, off with your shoes,
 Paddle all day, and all night, if you choose ;
 Playing in twenties, or playing in twos ;
 Write, and persuade those to come, who refuse,
 Tell them the pleasures, and give them the news ;
 Those who have colds, it's those we'll excuse,
 They none of them know how much pleasure they lose.

You're wet, all the day,
 But do not catch cold,
 You don't by the sea,
 At least, so I'm told,
 So off to the shore
 Or else you'll be sold,
 The sea, has got tired,
 Retired, and rolled
 Far from the place, where
 You built your strong hold ;
 Leaving its treasures
 For you to unfold
 Mid pools, and the rocks,
 As precious, as gold ;
 So splash in, and out,
 And wet every fold,
 Oh wont nurse be angry,
 And wont mama scold.

All for a dip in the briny are raving,
 Some fearsome, some fearless,
 Some tearsome, some tearless,
 Some do the ducking, some do the saving ;
 Run little daughter,
 Into the water,
 Duck your head under,
 I'm sure that you oughter.

See how the waves dash,
 Now little one, splash,
 Up and down dipping;
 Now a waves's caught her,
 Dont make a blunder,
 Quick, she's gone under,
 Gasping, and muttering,
 Struggling, and spluttering,
 Rolling, and sprawling,
 Squealing, and calling;
 While the wave, with a sigh,
 Rolls her up, high, and dry,
 Quite safely landed,
 Stranded, and sanded,
 With scarcely, a half
 Inclination to laugh,
 But with mouth, and with eye,
 Quite determined to cry.

DESCRIBING IN A LETTER TO MY DAUGHTER,
 MASSA TOOTELEY, OR OUR ERBERT.

A pup with a bad inside and mange out. March 1, 1902.

IF you listen, in the morning,
 When you jump out of your bed;
 And the sun is slowly rising in the east,
 Then you'll hear our little Erbert,
 Loudly yapping, in his shed,
 And you'll say, "dont make that noise you little beast."

He's a rummy looking codger,
 You should see him in his skin,
 For his body, fairly looks to need repair,
 The hairless dog from Mexico
 You'd think was next of kin,
 For in growing, he has grown through all his hair.

His hair, that is what's left of it,
 Is white, but on his ears
 There is some black, and looking at his eyes,
 You'd think he had been weeping,
 And he always was in tears,
 And you've only got to touch him and he cries.

His voice, is like a syren
 When it reaches upper A ;
 We love it, when it trembles in the key,
 It keeps all beggars from the place,
 And drives our friends away ;
 But it sounds, "sweet home," to Aline, and to me.

You may wash him in the morning,
 And then again at night,
 It would keep his body sweet, you would suppose ;
 But still he smells, you turn away,
 And say, "poor little mite ;"
 But you cannot drive the odour, from your nose.

Upon my writing table,
 Is his supper, ready mixed ;
 He is lying in his basket, looking sad.
 I will take him to his downey,
 And when, I've got him fixed,
 I'm off to bed, good night, your loving Dad.

A LETTER NOV. 21, 1901.

DEAR LEE,

It's a long time ago, I'm aware,
 Since we lazed by the Briney sea side,
 And built those sand castles, or built in the air
 Other castles, of which there are none to compare,
 They are all washed away by the tide.

Our trip to the seaside has done me no good,
 I have just had another bad go ;
 My Doctor looked serious, and frowned where he stood,
 And told me I am not yet out of the wood,
 I must rest for a time, and go slow.

Dick writes us to say, he has just got a rise
 Of his colours, as all hoped he would.
 "Please send me a hamper enormous in size,"
 "Full of chickens and pheasants, fruit biscuits and pies,"
 "Cake and sweets and all things that are good."

The other sad starved one, though feed as you might,
 Is happy, but hungry, poor dear.
 The good time she has, lasts from morning to night,
 Her letters are always so cheery and bright,
 Ending up, Hurrah, Christmas is near.

Our other poor Babe, whom we keep in the nest ;
 Is helping at Cheveley, you know ;
 Her acting, and Tableaus, she does with such zest ;
 Tho' as actress, she may not be best of the best,
 Still its fun, and four days of the show.

Our Mum's at Blackheath, with her mother and flock.
 She was bad though ; but now she's alright.
 She's happy, in London town, getting a frock ;
 She comes home on Tuesday, at one of the clock.
 I have finished my say so good night.

A LETTER NOV. 21, 1902.

How they cured me when Ill.

DEAR DAY,

When you open this letter,
 In fancy, I'm hearing you say,
 "Poor Cher, can't be very much better,"
 "He has broken out badly in lay."

That I should, well of course, don't you see,
 For lait is my meat, and my drink,
 Adding medicines, and best of beef tea,
 So I'm not doing badly I think.

Blanche has been here. She says that at eight,
 I'll have milk, then my breakfast at nine,
 And at ten, just an hour to wait,
 Have some biscuits, etceteras, and wine.

At eleven, beef tea is supplied.
 At twelve, some port wine; then I run
 To lie down, and get ready, inside,
 For a jolly good luncheon at one.

At two, just a snack, nothing more;
 Some beef tea, and some biscuits at three,
 And some bread and milk, taken at four.
 While at five, have a jolly good tea.

At six, I'm to have something light,
 At seven, by dinner I'm fed,
 At eight, bread and milk, and good night.
 I am hurried off quickly to bed.

NOV. 22.

GOOD Morning, I'm better to-day,
My temperature's down below par ;
So now, I will ask my dear Day,
How you and your family are.

Has your picture been sold at the show.
I hear Mrs. Hutchinson's sold ;
We could not come over, you know,
As my wife had the deuce of a cold.

Have you had any bicycle rides ?
I fear not, there has been so much wet.
But if so, what with skids and with slides,
Why walking is safer you bet.

A letter has come from our Dick
Says he's gotten his colours, so mind,
Send a whacking great hamper, and quick.
Full of all the best bests we can find.

The day light is over and past,
My feeding is nearly done too.
I am thankful it's finished, at last,
I am remple, so good night, adieu.

THURSDAY, FEB. 13, 1902.

A LETTER TO MY UNCLE.

DEAR OCCEY,

Don't think 'cause I break out in jingle
I'm taken much worse ; though my arm's in a tingle,
I'm not very bad in my arm ; but my back it
Is doubled in two, and can't stand any racket.
So hear what I say ; rather read what I've wrote,
In this legible copy, I've made of my note.

I believe, in the ordinary course of events,
Small Pox, was nigh certain, to visit all gent's.
Like chicken pox, whooping cough, meazles, and mumps,
Still visits our kids, but avoids the old frumps.
At least so I gather from papers I've read,
For the earliest Office insuring, which said,
If small pox, and all childish complaints, you'd been through,
The cost of the premium was lower to you.

So in seventeen two, when insuring your life,
To pay all the debts, a man leaves to his wife ;
The Office insisted, that you should have had
This complaint, as well as some more, or be dad,
You'd pay double, or not be insured against these ;
So the game wasn't quite worth the candle ; but please
In the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and two,
You must take the precautions that other folk do.

Well away to my tale, Vaccination's the trick,
Makes some people's head ache ; make some people sick ;
And most of the people I know who's been through it,
Were cross as sore bears, though none of them knew it.
Just collar their arm,
Why, where is the harm,
Need they swear, and shout at you, and show such alarm ;
When the soft word, that turneth the evil away,

Would answer quite well in their case, I should say.
 But I'll tell you more of it at some future date.
 I've taken my turn,
 My arm's in a burn,
 And for future developments, now I must wait.

SAT. FEB. 15, 1902.

I HAVE now got an arm, well I used to have two ;
 But my one that is left, looks uncommonly blue ;
 Its sore and it itches ; I'm longing to scratch,
 And, compared with the other it is not a match.
 It does not hurt much, 'twill be well soon, and I'm
 Believing its cure's but a question of time.
 I see, looking back at the words I have said,
 I wrote it was blue, well it is not, it's red.

Now, believe me, my dear,
 The worst of it's here,
 I had scarcely passed the first stage of attack,
 When I felt a small pain, in the small of my back ;
 But I thought very little of such a small pain,
 So decided to wait till I felt it again,
 Just to see if it meant it,
 And what it was sent it,
 A cold, or my liver, or both of them together,
 They often combine in this bad sort of weather.

Now, hearing of skating on Chippenham water,
 A skating we went, that is I and my daughter,
 While Mama and Miss Harrison, skating disparage,
 Sit eating their lunch, looking on from the carriage.

For a time they were quiet, then softly and low,
 Came the sound of their voice, "time is up we must go."
 Then louder and louder it swelled and it rose,
 Then emphatically said, "We wont list to your No's."
 We insist you must come.

Well, we gave up the fight,
 With a promised to-morrow, if freezing to night,
 Going home, we decided, while leaving in sorrow,
 We'd come early, and skate on much later, to-morrow.

And now, just to show you of how God disposes
 Of all those nice things, about which man proposes;
 At breakfast next morning
 Without any warning,
 Of a sudden, I nearly slipt under the awning:
 The table I should say; the pain in my back
 Made me double up quick, and come down like a sack.
 I'm condemned to the house, no chance its abating,
 So give up for the present all sweet thoughts of skating,
 And take salts by the ounce, and medicine in oceans,
 Using all sorts of liniments, ointments and potions,
 Of which doctors and patients hold different notions.

Now please, make excuse,
 For all the abuse,
 Of the English, the wording, the lack shown of knowledge.
 It may be the spellin'
 Is bad, and not well in
 A man who has been to a school, and a college.

Now list to the moral, if moral it be,
 Its the last sort of thing, you're expecting from me.
 When people don't mean it, but stamp on your toes,
 Or grip hold of your arm, or stir up other woes,
 Don't swear like a Coster, but when you are ill,
 Thank your nurses politely, and try and keep still.
 Now hoping you wont find this letter too heavy,
 I subscribe myself Charles, your affectionate Nevey.

MARCH 9, 1902.

*Letter to Capt. A. W, in Hospital with acute Rheumatism
in leg.*

MY DEAR PUNT.

We were glad when this morning arrived
With the news that you sent in your letter,
Although of the pleasure to see you, deprived,
Your report was so good, that our spirits revived,
And we hope that the next will be better.

It seems, looking back, such a long time ago,
Since we saw you here first, as a lame 'un,
You had then been to doctors, a dozen or so,
Trying, Harrogate, Bath, Aix-la-Chapelle, and Pau,
And had swallowed it all, like a game 'un.

Now I hear you have got to a jolly good lay,
And your doctor's a regular good 'un ;
And he thinks that your leg may be cured, hope it may,
And we trust at the last, when he turns you away,
That he wont turn you out with a wood 'un.

And your dear Little Nursey, so sweet and so bright ;
How she soothe's you, when pain's past enduring,
How she waits foot and hand, and is there day and night,
How she eases your aches, till you realize quite
That the pain is a part of the curing.

How the Loves of old times, and the Loves of to-day
Come, and constantly set in your pocket.
Now they've got you in hand, and you can't get away
How they pet you, and while their sun shines make their hay,
While your bone will not fit in your socket.

Ah, those dear little girls, who are nearly in tears,
 Calling daily in hope of some cooing.
 Can't you make up your mind, from these sweet little dears,
 For it really is time, that a man of your years,
 Should be now getting on with his wooing.

Don't be looking for something that's spicey and smart,
 With the latest in dresses and collars.
 Look out for a sweet little Puss, who in part,
 Is made up of kindness and goodness of heart,
 And a pretty good sprinkling of dollars.

All the Pals that draw round you, and bring you the news,
 How you welcome, to drive away sorrow ;
 For if left to yourself, in a fit of the blues,
 You can't drive it away ; you may do what you choose.
 So good night, and sleep well till to-morrow.

Now these lines, from the pen of yours ever, Old Cher,
 Were begun but not ended on Sunday.
 For I could not get on, as my muse wouldn't stir,
 So posting this rubbish, I had to defer
 Till the Tuesday ; tho' it should have been Monday.

ON RECEIVING AN INVITATION TO RAFFLE AT A RECTORY.

MY dear man, your'e a regular Parson,
 You do a thing, thinking it right.
 I often have known a much warse 'un,
 One who'd do a wrong thing, and then fight.

You inveigle your friends for a gamble ;
 When for lucre, that's filthy, you search.
 And you silence, without a preamble,
 Your conscience, " It is for the Church."

I don't say you would gamble on horses,
Or cards; these ain't one of your rocks,
You leave others to go on the courses,
And others to gamble in stocks.

Just suppose then, that Hereford's Bishop,
With his, anti, of everything crew
Entered, while you were holding the dish up,
For the lottery draw, you'd look blue.

You'd think it all up with the game;
I can quite see the look on your face,
As the Bishop stood up, to proclaim,
Your house and your drawing-room a place.

WRITTEN AT WISBECH AT LUNCH JUNE 1, 1902,
ON OUR TRIP TO PETERBORO',

Mr. Horsley not having come on his motor-bike as promised.

WHERE, oh where, did Horseley go,
Did his bike refuse to go,
Was his mixture wrong or right,
Was there fault in the ignite,
Was the strap too tight, or slack,
Blow'd if I'd ride such a hack.

We waited long at Littleport,
Longer than we really ought,
At Lynn, we stayed the whole night long,
Morning found us going strong.
Lunch at Wisbech, then away,
Peterborough ends our day.
Where on Munday we shall go,
Only those above can know.

1902.

LETTER TO G. F. WHEN ILL WITH FLUE AND
VACCINATION.

NOW, My dear Gordon Forbes,
I have not had the time
To convert this short letter, I'm writing, to rhyme.
I cant' get it quite to the metre I set it.
So just be contended, and wait, till you get it ;
If you hurry me up, its inferior prose,
Which I know you don't care for, or read. I suppose
You will just chuck this note on the table to Ella,
And say, "you might read this, old girl, to a fellow."

Now the right thing to do, when a fellow's been ill,
Is to ask how he is, and so therefore I will,
So don't think, I only am asking for fun,
Which part has gone wrong, Where the mischief, begun.

Sweetie pie, Sweetie pie, Are you in bed,
How is your Tummy, and how is your head,
How your arm, is it aching and red,
How are your toes, and How are your thumbs,
How are your teeth, and How are your gums,
How is your nose, and how is your hair.
How are your ears, and are they a pair,
How are your legs, and how are your feet,
How is your appetite, how do you eat,
How are your ancles, How is your back,
How are your knees, and do their joints crack,
How are your lips, and how is your tongue,
How is your liver, and how is your lung.
I think I have asked for each separate part,
Oh just wait a moment, how is your heart,
How is your fat, and how is your thin,
And how is your body, outside and in.

Now rotting a part, but it's all very fine,
 When my Missis came home, we were just going to dine :
 Then she told us such tales,
 Of your ills, and your ails ;
 Said, she didn't half like leaving Ella and you,
 You seem'd such a wreck, with your arm, and the flue,
 She feared the result ; and uneasy she seems,
 And swears. in her sleep, she can still hear your screams,
 When you cried for a Doctor, and bid Bert for pity,
 Send the first blooming Pills,
 To doctor your ills,
 He might meet in the place, on his way to the city.
 Moreover she said,
 She had left you in bed,
 And was just starting off ; when a Doctor, a friend,
 Came in ; We've not heard what he said, in the end.
 Since then, we have heard
 Never a word,
 We have not seen your death, announced in the paper
 Tho, in fear we have gone,
 And searched it, each morn,
 But the only dead Forbes we could find was a draper.
 No that could not be you, so it brought us relief
 Easing body, and mind from the strain of our grief.

Then came a short letter,
 To say you were better,
 Your Doctor had ordered a breath of the sea.
 And you must obey,
 But, at some future day,
 You would come here and pay,
 The long-promised visit you spoke of to me,
 More over you wrote, " I'm in such a funk I'll
 Go down to the sea and recoup with my uukile.*

THE PARSON'S STORY.

HEAR, what a trial, can a Parish be,
 To one who has its care ; for no one knows
 The powers, that people have to disagree,
 This one from that, and always these from those.
 The hate, the petty jealousies, we see ;
 At every parish meeting, you'd suppose,
 Hatred, and envy, held a Jubilee,
 Where all should be at peace, and in repose.

One dear old Lady said, when first I came,
 Me for a Popish Priest, she would impeach ;
 A Romanist in deed, if not in name,
 Her dear old Rector, when he went to preach,
 Wore a black gown ; could I not do the same,
 The M.A. showed authority to teach ;
 Why should the few, who have the College fame,
 Conform to make equality for each ;
 Throw off the hood, not recognise the Dame
 Who dubbed them Scholar, gave them their degree ;
 For why should Hivites, claim equality.

We held a meeting, in the usual way ;
 To robe the Choir, and how it was to be.
 First one Parishioner rose up to say
 "If you'll consent, The Cost shall fall on me."
 Up rose another one ; In great dismay,
 And righteous wrath, He'd let the people see
 He disapproved, and say, what they might say,
 He would not tolerate, such Popery.

To plead free seats ; to argue, where's the use,
 We know the Parish has a host of poor,
 Whose rights to seats are equal, but abuse,
 Had taken all the best, long years before,

To let on hire, that thus they may produce,
 The necessary sinews, for the war,
 And by their own exclusiveness induce,
 The rich t' seek Heaven, by a private door.

Another stayed me, as I went along,
 With half inquiry, and half command,
 He hoped, the Anthem at the morning song
 Was not to be continued; Suave and bland
 He left me as a friend, in firm and strong
 Determination, thus to take his stand;
 Force his opinion on us, right or wrong,
 And banish things he could not understand.

JUNE 28, 1902.

LETTER TO P. PIGOTT, CHIEF CONSTABLE OF
 NORFOLK, WHEN RECEIVING NEW HONOURS.

I CONGRATULATE you, dear Sir Paynton, and quite
 Think they did the right thing, in making you knight.
 But I really can't think, what the great folk are arter,
 They should make you a Bart., or a Knight of the Garter.
 But however, the knighthood will do as a start,
 And we hope, that ere long they'll create you a Bart.
 And then, when your work shall have claimed its reward,
 We shall find, they've created our Baronite, Lord.
 And an Earldom is next, then with work and a fluke,
 We shall see you in fine robes of purple, a Duke
 And for title; what say you to Duke of the cell,
 And of course, they will give you the income as well;
 Say a million in hard, fifty thousand per ann.,
 Which ever you like. But take both if you can.

Now given this bit of good luck, we shall see
 You Yachting with Lipton, and drinking his tea,
 With Cassel, and swells, playing Bridge at the club,
 Or vieing with Maple, to furnish a Pub.
 And going hard all, with the best of Society,
 To worship God Cash, and hang all Propriety.

Of Course, to get all these good things in their place,
 You must go in for Hospitals, Politics, race,
 Yacht, gamble at Bridge, talk slang, and be smart.
 But always be ready, to take your own part.
 With kindest regards from all Hammonds, I write
 Good health, and good luck, to the Lady and Knight.

JULY, 1902. THE NOUVEAU RICHE.

H^{E'S}, a bit of an ass ;
 But he's covered in brass ;
 He is up to his eyebrows in tin.
 But if you've enough,
 Of the right sort of stuff,
 It covers up every sin.

If you're vulgar, and bad,
 And the deuce of a cad,
 Society says you are funny,
 It will laugh at your ways,
 For it finds that it pays
 To accept you, along with your money.

So you enter, and find
 That the people don't mind,
 What you do, or you think, or you say,

They're accustomed to cads,
 So put up with your fads ;
 For, what ever you do, you must pay.

To where all the swells go,
 Whom you're longing to know,
 You're invited, while quite a beginner.
 You are asked out to dine,
 To Bridge parties, and wine ;
 But its you ; who must pay for the dinner.

You are asked to a house
 To shoot pheasants or grouse,
 You are warned, to go slow, at your fences.
 You're not asked there to shoot ;
 You're a species of Loot,
 And are asked there to pay the expenses.

You are taken in hand
 By some dame of the land
 To be taught, you've no choice in the matter
 And her husband, poor man,
 To get some, if he can ;
 Takes you round to his Tailor and Hatter.

Her tradesmen you find
 Must be yours ; you don't mind
 If they turn you out spruce in condition,
 And she is so pleased,
 And the tradesmen are squeezed,
 Just, to pay her, a little commission

Next you take a big place
 In the country, to race,
 With a shooting and other resources ;
 And your Exploiter brings
 You your servants and things,
 And her husband, will buy you your horses.

She comes there to stay,
 In her lady-like way ;
 Invitations, she's sending out for you ;
 As you hav'nt the brains,
 It is she, entertains
 All your guests, for she fears they might bore you.

You would like to ask, some
 Of your old friends, to come,
 And she looks through the names, as you hand 'em ;
 And she says, well you see,
 That this never can be ;
 No society, ever could stand 'em.

Then you think, at the most
 Though you may be their host ;
 You're not one of the party, none doubt you,
 For they make you aware,
 That they don't want you there,
 And they much prefer, being without you.

If they know you by sight,
 They are, sometimes polite ;
 And they give you a look that will freeze you ;
 And if shaking your hand,
 You must quite understand,
 If you're going to be friendly, they squeeze you.

If you stick to the game,
 It will go on the same,
 And you wonder to where it will lead you.
 For your friends, are your friends,
 While your meeting their ends,
 By submitting, to letting them, bleed you.

ON LORD SALISBURY RESIGNING.

STRONG in his purpose, steadfast in desire,
 To bind, the children to the Mother Land
 In one vast Empire, standing hand, in hand ;
 A Monument, for others to admire.

The Storm burst strong, All nations gathered round,
 As starving wolves, prepared, to make their spring,
 And satiate their jealousy, and bring
 There hated, envied rival to the ground.

While at the helm, he felt the nation's pride ;
 He knew the mighty powers of the race ;
 Prepared, he waited ever in his place ;
 Watched by surrounding eyes on every side.

Hushed were the nations, for they felt, and saw,
 He held the Empire, safely in his hand.
 Nor cared for insults, from a foreign land,
 But gave them peace, where they had prayed for War.

For many years, he gave us all his best ;
 Then having worked thro' life, by nights and days,
 With careful thought, and guiding hand ; He prays
 "Grant the desire I have to be at rest."

Content, to be content ; his work is done ;
 So, while his days, are drawing to a close,
 He seeks the shadows of well earned repose,
 Resting upon the laurels he has won.

And so he passes, and the Empire speaks ;
 "Work nobly done, now let his labours cease" ;
 Then as he goes, we breathe, farewell and peace,
 And thus he passes to the rest he seeks.

LINES WRITTEN HAVING RECEIVED C. E. H.'s
 OPINION OF THE FORMER LINES.

I WROTE a poem, did I think it good,
 Well, scarcely that ; I did not think it bad ;
 I felt a natural pride, as poets should,
 And took a copy, to my dear old Dad,
 And asked him, if he very kindly would
 Read, through the thing, and tell me, if it had
 A bit of merit in it, as it stood ;
 If none, if he would say so, I'd be glad.

For twenty-four long hours, I curbed the smile
 Of pride, from rising, at the hope of praise.
 The Verdict came, he did not like the style ;
 He did not like the metre ; nor the ways
 The words were put to rhyming ; even while
 He read, he longed to alter every phrase ;
 In fact, he said, " The beastly thing is vile "
 " You'd better go, and write your jangling lays."

He took the verses, and to make them go,
 He scratched out, here a word, and here a line ;
 And substituting others, for them, so
 Altered the sense, to sentiments, more fine ;
 Giving the whole thing through, a softer flow ;
 Making the savage sentence, quite benign ;
 Till, when I read them through, I did not know
 Or recognise, the blessed things as mine.

JULY 19, 1902. SNOW FELL BETWEEN IPSWICH
AND ALDBOROUGH AND LAY FOR TWO HOURS.

OH miserable Land, wet, cold, and dull ; in summer,
Shrouded in fog, with bitter north wind blowing.
One day was tropical indeed, and then what's rummer
The next was winter, and we watched it snowing.
For two long blessed hours, did it lie,
Can you believe it, this was in July ?

AUGUST 3, 1902, SUNDAY,
GREAT EASTERN HOTEL, NORWICH.
THE MOST WET SUMMER RECORDED.

WHEN summer comes,
And all is sun, and light,
We shall be gay, and bright,
From early morn, till night.
When summer comes.

When summer comes,
Under the trees we'll play,
Or lounge, or laze away
Our life, the live long day.
When summer comes.

When summer comes,
When evening spreads around,
Cooling the parching ground,
Peace, and repose is found.
When summer comes.

When summer came,
 Then, did the north wind blow,
 Then came the frost and snow,
 Then, did all sunshine go,
 When summer came.

When summer came,
 Then fell the hail, and rain,
 Then blew the hurricane,
 Bad weather, go to Spain,
 Please don't come back again,
 If summer comes.

IN THE TRAIN COMING HOME FROM REVIEW
 AT PORTSMOUTH.

AUG. 18, 1902. ANOTHER WET DAY.

LOST, stolen, or strayed,
 Such a sweet little maid,
 In a crown, and a garland of flowers, arrayed ;
 When last she was seen,
 She was dressed all in green,
 With the lily buds, nodding the roses between,
 And roses hung down
 From her hat, and her gown,
 With the sweet-scented bind weed, she wove in her crown
 The wild flowers to greet,
 As they grew at her feet,
 Rejoicing, to worship, a maiden so sweet.

'Twas June and July,
 With a clear sunny sky,
 We missed her one day when we thought she was nigh.

She went in her clogs,
 And her thick winter togs,
 And her fur coat, to keep out the wet, and the fogs.

Strayed, stolen or lost,
 Bring her back, at all cost,
 Ere she die, with her flowers, from cold wet and frost.

Now lost to our view,
 Her bright days, have been few,
 Poor dead little summer, of nineteen ought two.

WRITTEN IN THE TRAIN GOING TO
 SHERRINGHAM.

AUG. 19, 1902. ANOTHER WET DAY.

GO, little fairy, through the clouds on high,
 Fetch out the sun, and stretch your linen poles
 To hang, this poor damp, flabby world, to dry,
 And drive this sadness, from our sorrowing souls.

For five, long weary winter months, we drew
 A comfort, born of hope, that we should find
 The coming of the summer, as our due
 Reward, for miseries, we left behind.

June, added yet another month to those,
 Then July, raised our hopes ; one scorching day
 Brought down a thunderstorm, at night it froze,
 And all our hope of summer passed away.

Came August, born in heavy clouds, and rains,
 With bitter biting Nort-East winds, in store,
 Flattening our corn fields, bursting all our drains,
 And left us more despondent than before.

1902.

GOOD-BYE little summer,
Good-bye the people say,
You couldn't have been glummer
Had you been a funeral mummer.
We're so glad you're going away ;
Good-bye little summer.

SUNDAY AUG. 3, 1902. HOTEL DE PARIS, CROMER.

WHAT Cromer was, in just the past decade
It matters not. To me, it did appear,
A little village, with a wee parade,
A jetty, called by courtesy a pier.

The drainage system of the town was nil ;
That is the main drain emptied on the sand.
The sewage lying undisturbed until
A spring tide came, and washed it from the land.

The smells, which 'rose from gratings, in each lane,
Or street, were toned, by mat or carpet wet.
The town was served by coaches, as no train
Came within twenty miles of Cromer yet.

A simple people, born to simple ways,
Honest and frugal, with contentment blest.
And looking back at Cromer, in those days,
One asks, " Compared with these ones, which is best."

OUR PIC-NIC IN THE FEN AT COCK-UP BRIDGE.

I WILL write you an ode,
 Of the Burwell Lode,
 How Starling and I took our coats off and towed
 The boat, from the bank, for nobody rowed.

The boat, indeed was a bit of a tub,
 We packed her tight, with the tea, and the grub,
 A holy pail, of paraphrased peat,
 And a basket, full of good things to eat.
 A cosey pot, and a two-gallon jar
 Of extra water, and there you are,
 A boiling kettle, cushions, and rugs,
 And for cups, we had coronation mugs.

Mama, takes the tiller lines, to guide,
 Miss Christie, took her seat by her side,
 Miss Harrison, sat in the middle seat,
 Miss Moul sat next, and next came Reet.

Aline, and Nesta, the youngest two,
 Sat in the bows, to complete the crew.
 The dogs on the bank, were five; first Mack,
 Tooteley, Boodle, Zenda, and Jack.
 All being ready, away we go,
 As Starling, and I, begin to tow.

On the sluggish stream we drift away,
 Past meadow lands, of the new mown hay,
 And yellow fields, of the ripening wheat,
 To the dusky lines, of the drying peat;
 Through the Cock-up Bridge, to where you see
 An elderly, dying, willow tree.

Slowly, we draw her into the bank;
 Then out we get, and over a plank,
 And into the fen, away we go,

Where sedge, and reed, and the bull-rush grow.
 Searching for fern, and reptile there,
 Or for grub, or moth, or for beetle rare,
 For lizard, and frog, and snake and toad,
 All, have their home, by the Burwell lode.

On the bank, we make our fire, you see
 In the holy pail, to boil our tea,
 For in the fen, you can understand,
 You may easily fire, and burn the land.
 In the grassy fen the cloth is spread
 Laden with honey, and cake and bread,
 We began our tea ; when some body said :

There's a fire in the fen,
 Let us finish tea and then
 We will go and see it blazing,
 'Stead of sitting here and lazing,
 We will go and see the fire in the fen.

It's so near I do declare,
 We can go on shanks' mare,
 Or can row there, in our tub ;
 It must be the Upware pub,
 Let us go and see the fire in the fen.

When we almost think we hear it,
 Some one says, " We are not near it,"
 " Why, it's further off than ever ;"
 So we give up the endeavour,
 And, we leave the fire, burning in the fen.

The tea is over, and packed away,
 The failing lights of the dying day
 Are one with the mists of the evening light,
 As slowly it merges itself in night ;
 For the mists are rising, the day is done,
 And all things fade, in the setting sun ;

While darkness is creeping, sure but slow.
 As all is ready, away we go ;
 And back to Burwell the boat is towed,
 So ends our day on the Burwell lode.

MARCH 4, 1904.

THEY tell me, dear Loo,
 You have taken the flue,
 And are feeling depressed, and uneasy,
 And your eyes have such goes,
 Badly watering ; your nose
 Is uncomfortably stuffy, and wheasy.

You can get no delight
 In anything, quite,
 Which is moving, or going on around you,
 And your appetite's sham
 And you don't care a damn
 For the flowers, by which they surround you.

Now the next turn it takes,
 It usually makes
 One exacting, and cross, and uncivil,
 And there's nobody, quite,
 Can do anything right ;
 And you send the whole lot to the devil.

When they wait, foot and hand,
 On your slightest command,
 And obey you, you hoped, that they couldn't.
 But they do all you bid,
 And you know that they did,
 While you jolly well wish that they wouldn't.

If they leave you alone,
 You lie there and groan,
 You feel most unpleasant and snappy ;
 But that is the disease,
 You are never at ease,
 But are always depressed, and unhappy.

MARCH 5.

BY your letter to-day,
 You are better you say,
 And your fits of depression are over,
 And you find, that at length,
 That you want, for your strength,
 A visit to Folkestone or Dover.

To recover your power,
 Take my tip ; every hour
 Have some beef-tea, or something sustaining,
 With some port and champagne
 Taken now and again,
 Whenever your spirits are waning.

Don't be shy, and don't wait
 If your appetite's late,
 Or your food is beginning to bore you ;
 Eat it up, be a man,
 Stuff it down, all you can,
 For this is the way that they cure you.

ADVT. IN THE MORNING POST, JUNE 26, 1902.

A TITLE can be obtained for Batchelor or Widower (without encumbrance) possessing £50,000 rental. Address Veritas, 19783, Morning Post Office, Strand, W.C.

THERE'S a title for sale, who gets it can boast,
 That he picked it up cheap, as a spec.
 It is advertised thus, in the staid Morning Post,
 Like a moor, or a shoot, or a house with a ghost,
 When the owner has come to a wreck.

Like all things, it will go to the highest of bids,
 And the man, who would buy it must be,
 A widower, quite unencumbered by kids,
 A batchelor, free from all fancies for wid's,
 Or for marriage, in any degree.

He must have, fifty thousand a year from his rents.
 Bid me ten for a start at the least,
 As a landlord, and wealthy, he'd follow his bents,
 Get to all the best clubs, that are full of real gents,
 Who will make him play Bridge, and be fleeced.

ANSWER TO AN INVITATION TO STAY ON THE HAWK FOR THE REVIEW, 1902.

THANKS dear old man, although I hate the waters,
 I'd love to stay with you in Admiral's quarters.
 Of course I'll come. Though every relation
 Declares your ship, has got the outside station;
 Outside Spit Head, wherever that may be;
 None seem to know, or else they wont tell me.

Therefore I hope, that while I am your guest,
 Upon the Hawk, you'll do your very best,
 To tie her in her mews, and give her rest.
 But if so be, your orders take the notion,
 To bid you cross the Bay or Indian Ocean ;
 Please tell me, for I really hate the motion,
 I'll come prepared with powder, pill, and potion.

ARRIVING AT PORTSMOUTH STANDING ON THE QUAY WAITING THE HAWK'S PINNACE.

WHAT is it time, time to make up my mind,
 Whether indeed I mean to be a squirmer,
 With failing heart, and let my terror, bind
 My quaking spirits to my terra firma.

Fear not, the silent Solent hath no roll ;
 I'll get my loaf as soon as I am able,
 Unless I have to pay the fishes toll ;
 Loafing on deck, or, at the cabin table.

Fear is a Giant.

So I fought with fear,
 I conquered, and I boldly took the trip ;
 And starting, from the nearest dockyard pier,
 Appeared, upon the first-class battleship.

ON ENTERING LYNN.

SUCH are the streets of Lynn,
 You don't know where they begin,
 You must ask in each street,
 The first person you meet,
 The way you have got to go in.

JUNE 13, 1902.

ALL AWAY FROM HOME. A LETTER FROM THE
DOGS.

IT'S not, who we are, and it's not, what we get,
 Are the questions, we wish to put up for debate.
 But its beastly, just how we're kept out in the wet,
 The wind, and the cold; these are things that we hate.
 This is now how we live; and its perfectly true;
 If you won't believe me, you can ask Uncle Rue.

About seven the servants come down, and our sins
 Are discovered, then beatings, and scoldings, and pain;
 It is then that our thorough discomfort begins,
 We're chucked out, with our beds, in the cold and the rain.
 From window to window, we wander for shelter,
 The rain coming down a regular pelter.

Then our breakfast mixed up
 In soup plate, or cup,
 Or pie dish, or tin bowl, so hot it will scald.
 One, gets it fair easy,
 And one, fat and greasy,
 And one, not at all, he don't come, when he's called.

I'm sick of the sight of my breakfast, at din'.
 For it haunts me all night, and I heartily wish
 That tomorrow they'd wash them, before they begin
 Just to mix up the fresh, with the stale in the dish.

We're obliged in our bed, at the front door to lie,
 Till Aline has done lessons, and puts them inside ;
 Well that is, if we care about keeping them dry,
 Those are facts of our cases, which no one can hide.

There's the drawing room, we'll take it when you are about,
 It is quite nice enough, but now you are away,
 They've turned all the carpets and furniture out,
 And they say they've been cleaning it all through the day.

Then the dining room may be alright, so it may,
 But the door, and the windows are all of them shut ;
 If by chance we get in, we're kicked out, for they say,
 " Here git out, we don't want you nor none o' your dut."

To be left to the servants, it is'nt all jam ;
 For they find their brooms handy, to clear us away.
 And theres nothing expresses our feelings, but, damn.
 So we hope you'll come home, though it shortens your stay.

Now we all sign this letter
 And we then, will feel better,
 Hi, Rue says he won't, he'll be blowed if he do.
 So we send it without him,
 For we know you won't doubt him
 While Tooteley signs, and I sign

Boodledoo.

SUNDAY, JUNE 15, 1902.

MISS GILES EXPECTED TO TEA. IT LOOKED
LIKE RAIN.

O H Ursula, dear Ursula, it hasn't rained you see ;
We were so disappointed, that you didn't come to tea ;
We waited, and we waited, and we felt so very glum,
At last we had to go to tea, although you hadn't come.

We had flowers in the garden, and a hoop for you to bowl,
We had cans for you to water with, and spades to dig a hole,
We had croquet, we had cricket, and a bat for you to wield,
We'd a football in the cellar, and a swing was in the field.

Our tea would just have suited you, the toast was hot and
plain,
The bread and butter, just the sort, of cut and come again.
The oat-cake short, and crispy, and the tea was hot and
sweet,
A vase of flowers you could upset, when you'd had enough
to eat.

We hope you'll come some other day, and rain won't inter-
vene,
When we return from Repton school. From ever yours,
Aline.

OCT. 16, 1902.

IN ANSWER TO AN INVITATION TO VISIT THE
OCCY AT YARMOUTH.

WE both thank you, dear Occ,
For your invit' ; the block
To our coming, is not one but many,
First, you'd not have us shirk
What we live by, our work,
Adding up the pound, shilling and penny.

Then the weather, bedad
Is so beastly and bad,
That enjoyment's, quite out of the question ;
One is iced through and through
Till one's liver, turns blue,
And its ruined your looks, and digestion.

The next block is worse,
Its the length of the purse ;
For the cost, of all travel extensive ;
Tho' composed of small sums,
Add them up, it becomes,
Pretty big, and looks very expensive.

But if all things unite
To turn out, jolly bright,
And we find, we want rest, and fresh air.
We will come, an' you plaze,
And put up, a few days
With you, at the mouth of the Yare.

OCT. 15, 1902.

ANSWER TO KIND INQUIRIES AFTER A BAD
TOSS.

MY DEAR LENA,

Your letter which came here last night,
Has filled me with longing, to sit down, and write,
And has started my thoughts, so here goes.
I have sat down to write you a letter in verse,
For I feel, while I'm writing ; it cannot be worse,
But better may be, than my prose.

To begin with, I'll tell you the tale of my toss,
How being knocked out a few days was no loss,
As I tap't my insurance for ten,
We'd been shooting at Needham. You know how I like,
To go off everywhere, when I can on my bike ;
It was fine, so I'd gone on it then.

I'd come home a good bat, when just outside the town,
In my usual way, I was slowing her down,
And changing my hands to her top ;
When the front wheel slewed round, and before I could bring
My hands back to the handles, the whole blessed thing,
Was brought suddenly up to a stop.

I flew over her head, like a shot from a gun,
But was up quick, to find how much damage was done,
Found her lamps, fallen off on the floor.
Found the wheels both ran true and the bike wasn't hurt,
Found my knee badly cut, my clothes covered with dirt,
And said, " Lucky the damage ain't more."

About ten, when going to bed,
My arm was so swelled, and red,
Hurt so much, I sat, or walked about and rocked her,

For I thought of broken bones,
 Having fallen on the stones.
 So off I went, to show it to the doctor.

How often a surprise,
 And a host of trouble lies,
 In the very part, and place, you least expect it.
 When my doctor saw my arm,
 Said a "Sprain is all the harm,
 If a bone was broken there I could detect it."

I feel bound to declare,
 That it wouldn't be fair,
 If all of the troubles to which, we are heir
 Devolved upon one, and that one *le pauvre pere*;
 Where it me, I am certain, I'd lie down and swear,
 If lumbered by troubles which others should bear,
 But at present they're mixed in our home pretty fair.

Now Aline, avers,
 Why of course she has hers,
 What with chickens, and bantams, canaries, and curs,
 A pony, and cat, at the stable which purs,
 One terrible bis
 A great trouble is
 That Tooteley thinks that the chickens are his ;
 So he had to be caught,
 And had to be taught,
 Since when, he's done nothing, but things that he ought.
 Number two's much the same,
 Her tat plays the game,
 When she wants to come home, she pretends she is lame.

Now Mama, has her woe,
 And her worries, that grow ;
 For all of her servants gave notice to go ;
 She says, she's not sorry
 But hates all the worry,
 The worst is the new one's don't come in a hurry.

So we all have our share,
 Pere, enfant et mere,
 Good-bye, Your affectionate Charlie
 le pere.

NOV. 4, 1902.

CONGRATULATIONS TO C. P. WILSON ON HIS
 SON'S SUCCESS AT SCHOOL.

MY DEAR PLUMMER,
 We hope you're enjoying
 The hares, but its very annoying,
 That the fur, and feather,
 Could not travel together,
 The same bag or hamper employing.

Birds are scarce. When the partridge egg hatches ;
 If it rains, they are drowned in the splashes ;
 We had storms, and we found
 The young nearly all drowned ;
 So now we but find them in patches.

Your most welcome letter, and news,
 Has drove off, a fit of the blues,
 From which, every man suffers,
 When feeling such duffers,
 From backing the horses that lose.

Of the news, of your boy, we are glad,
 At working, he doesn't seem bad ;
 And what we were saying
 Is, working or playing,
 He is top, and takes after his dad.

'Tis now some days since first I wrote
 These jangling lines, to be my note,
 To wish you joy
 Of your broth of a boy,
 We hope he'll continue his time to employ,
 In making himself a first class scholar ;
 And beating all others, in everything holler.
 'Till he turns up his nose,
 At all his pa knows,
 As something too simple for him ; I suppose
 He will classify Dons, and all such like old buffers,
 And wranglers, and first class classics, as duffers.
 Then his play,
 So they say,
 Is quite too too au fait,
 This is French don't you see,
 For, the top of the tree,
 Where he is, and we hope he'll continue to be.
 And his football we hear,
 Others cannot come near,
 He's so nippy and quick,
 And plays the Old Nick,
 With all his opponent's, who turn up to lick
 His side at the game.
 And at cricket the same,
 We hear all the Pros. and the players exclaim
 " What a wonder, by Gad,"
 " He's as good as his dad,"
 So we hope poor old Plummer won't think it too bad,
 To be beat by his own little bright little lad.
 Now between you and me,
 How nice it must be,
 When one's hopeful comes out at the top of the tree,
 And is top of his class,
 Without being an ass,
 Is best at all games, in, and out on the grass,
 Without being a prig,

Like some are, dash my wig,
 Who want kicking all day, 'till they grow up too big,
 And they too want it then, till they die and you dig
 Them a grave, and they're gone, and you don't care a fig.

TO C.P.W. THOUGHTS. NOV. 4, 1902.

O H, what a weary place of woe
 This world is, as we turn its page;
 We're whirled along and on we go,
 The pace increasing with our age.

The Boy looks on to eighty five,
 An everlasting time it seems,
 In which to work, and to survive
 The building up of all his dreams.

But eighty five, looks back to ten,
 The time has flown too quick, he found;
 The Castles, he was building then
 Are shattered near him, on the ground.

Hope, is our guiding star from birth,
 The Goal we look for, till we die,
 Without it things have little worth;
 You found it so, and so did I.

And so I hope, next year betide
 You'll come here ; we'll be glad enough,
 And then we'll have another ride,
 But stop, when we have had enough.

Dear me, look how the time does fly,
 My muse refuses now to stir ;
 So I must wish good night, good bye
 From ever yours, your cousin Cher.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE, 1902.

ST. MACLOU BEAT A SHORT HEAD.

SAINT Maclou,
 You're a regular do,
 I backed you win and a place,
 They called me a mug ;
 They said Glass Jugg
 Would certainly win the race.

But when on the bust,
 I never could trust
 My coals, in a jug at the worst.
 I got home, I reckoned
 Because you got second,
 But why could you not be first.

JULY, 1902. ANSWER TO INVITATION TO STAY
ON H.M.S. HAWK FOR THE REVIEW.

CAPT. A. J. WILKINSON.

AS I stand on the brink
Of the ocean, I think,
Of my visit to you if its rough,
Can I be, dont you know,
Such a fool as to go?
And I find I am foolish enough.

It is awfully grand
When you're safely on land,
To boast of the roll of the ocean.
Half a loaf, it is said
Better is than no bread,
But give me my half, without motion.

I shall feel very big,
When I talk of your gig,
How I loved all the kick-up, and racket,
But without getting wet,
Tell me, how shall I get
In safety, aboard of your packet.

So I stand on the brink
Of the ocean, I think,
How charmingly nice it would be,
If when staying with you,
For the naval review,
It did not take place on the sea.

JINGLE. AUG. 2, 1902.

JINGLE, Jangle, Jingle Jangle,
 All my thoughts are in a tangle;
 So I ever find it blow it.
 When I feel the most, a poet,
 Lovely thoughts before me pass,
 Group themselves into a mass,
 Till I cannot even part 'em,
 And I ask, why did I start 'em;
 Why can't I, as others do,
 Only think of one or two,
 No, my head seems hard and wooden,
 I am but a Suffolk pudden;
 All my brain is in a jumble,
 All my hopes begin to tumble,
 Till I recognise, that fate,
 Meant me not for Laureate.

THANKS FOR COLLECTIONS IN FORDHAM FOR
 SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' ASSOCIATION.

AUG. 11, 1902.

DEAR IVATT,
 I think I have mentioned before,
 Though we've plenty of funds, we can do with some more;
 It is right while our soldiers are risking their lives,
 That we should look after their children, and wives.
 So thanks for the monies, which you have collected,
 Which are most acceptable, altho' unexpected.

Was it you, who a short time ago I heard say,
 That these wives prefer having their husbands away.
 You said, that they seemed to be living in clover,
 And much preferred war, to the war being over ;
 And you went on explaining, so I understand,
 When a man returns home, he returns to the land,
 And takes home to his wife in the usual way
 On each Saturday night, the small half of his pay.
 And while he is out spreeing and Saturday-nighting,
 She's not so well off, as when he was out fighting.
 So the consequence is, there's more work hands and feet,
 And more general bother, in making ends meet.

Say then these are your views, unless I've been gammon'd,
 Good night and good-bye, yours ever,

Charles Hammond.

P.S. I'm so sorry, these lines, were not quite
 Ready written, and finished, for posting last night.

THURSDAY, NOV. 6, 1902.

LETTER TO MRS. ROGERSON NOV. 11.

DEAR MARGARET,

When November winds
 Were blowing through the offing,
 And rain had fallen all the week,
 And everyone was coughing,
 The sun shone out, and tempted me
 To go, a photogrophiing.

And Edgar Pyemont went with me,
 We rode through mud, a perfect sea,
 We hated it so, but as Edgar's a curate,
 We swore not, but made up our minds to endure it ;
 Bit our lips, set our teeth, and sat tight in the saddle ;
 Some might say we rode, I prefer the word paddle.

We thought, for our first photographic research,
 We'd turn up at the Broom Stick and take Cheveley Church.
 Cheveley Church was under repair,
 Its roof was on,
 But the floor, was gone,
 Workman, and dirt, were everywhere.
 So out we strode,
 In the village road,
 And set up. our cameratic load,
 To get a view,
 Or it may be two.

Then up and away,
 For the wrong end of day,
 Has not a good light, so professionals say ;
 Edgar's quite a professor ; they say what they like,
 For I can't contradict, so I got on my bike,
 Then we paddled through pools,
 Past some Gipsies, with mules,
 Who were on the wrong side, breaking all the road rules ;
 Past Saxon Street Church, and the Wood Ditton Schools,
 Passing Snazell's old pond, you will find it there still
 Turning down where the road branches off to the mill ;
 Rattled on past Miss Dobito's gate, on our perch,
 Then up the incline, fetching up at the Church.

We were hot from our scorch,
 When we got to the Porch,
 And the sun was a good orange red like a torch.
 Went through the South door,

On the old Tower floor,
 Set the camera up, with its back to the Nor', [repose,
 Took the South Aisle, then changed, took the North' in
 Got two fairly good shots one of each I enclose ;
 Then turning about,
 We both toddled out,
 Took two of the Tower, you'll know them no doubt.

The inside show the chairs, and the seats, that they sit on,
 The outside, shows the church, and the grounds, I must git on
 And leaving my mania, by which I am bitten,
 Turn to things of more moment ; Here's one I have hit on,
 The Hospital Ball,
 In Cambridge Guild Hall,
 Where Rita came out,
 You're surprised, I've no doubt,
 To find I've a girl old enough to come out.

Our Dick's still at School,
 At his games he's a good un,
 But at work they declare his head is but wooden,
 He is in a low class where I fear he will stop ;
 Well, they can all be good, though they can't all be top.

My father, and Blanche, are both festive and gay,
 They took Reet to the Lakes, and to York on their way,
 She enjoyed it immensely, so all of them say ; [side,
 And she sketched the York streets, and a rough mountain
 A lake, and a river, both were hard but she tried ;
 And she did fairly well
 For you really could tell,
 What her pictures were meant for, lake, river, or fell.

A day you'll remember,
 The fifth of November,
 When Coo's head was cut, by a fork, and an ember,
 Is my Father's birthday, at the Bank we all dine,
 Drink his health, and discuss the Old Gentleman's wine.

He is just eighty-three ; Uncle Edward you knew,
 He is wonderfully well, and is just eighty-two ;
 Aunt Louisa is also quite well, but her age,
 We me may not discuss or suggest on this page.

And how are you both, we are hoping that fate
 Has dealt kindly, and you have been better of late.
 So with love from us all, I must finish my rhyme,
 And trust you will read it, that is, if you've time ;
 And the very next time you are writing to Chris,
 Send much love and remembrance from me to your Sis,
 Or show her these lines and these photos to her ;
 Good-bye, from your ever affectionate,

Cher.

NOVEMBER, 1902.

IN ANSWER TO A REFUSAL TO COME FOR XMAS.

MY DEAR CHARLIE,

What hum,

Why of course you must come,
 For without you, our party would be sad and glum,
 And you'd think we had suddenly turned deaf and dumb.

Through various delays,
 We've been counting the days
 To this Christmas, we'll listen to none of your nays
 So of course you must come with your family, plaze.

Sure you cannot forget
 What we said, when we met
 Last summer, and proved you were still in our debt,
 Owing us by the way
 Three visits to pay,
 For three Christmas days spent, in the far far away.

And so my old sinner,
 At the Bank Christmas dinner,
 Turn up, as you did in the days we were thinner.

DECEMBER, 31, 1902.

THE time of the year,
 My dear Giles is now here,
 When we fill up our glass with champagne or small beer ;
 As our means will allow, to drink, The New Year.

Then we give the warm grip
 Of a staunch fellowship,
 And good wishes to all passing over the lip,
 From the depth of the heart, from its toe to its tip.

So we fill up our glass,
 To wait the year pass,
 Then we drink to you both, and your lad, and your lass,
 A happy new year, ere we put out the gas.

DECEMBER 5, 1902.

ANTIEN T FOOTBALL PLAYER'S DREAM.

WRITTEN FOR SANDROIDIAN.

IT'S all very well,
 But how can I tell
 What a solid old buffer, like you, my dear fel
 Low may like or allow, in the paper you sell.
 But I'll try, and I'll write,
 You a short ode to-night,
 Called, the Antient old footballer's mare of the night.
 And trust it will meet your approval, and quite
 Be an all that it should be, a bit of alright.

It is one of my dreams,
 So realistic it seems,
 I could think it were true, but the story so teems
 With impossible facts, as they do in our dreams.

I dreamt, that I dwelt in marble halls,
 The floors were of marble, so were the walls;
 With marble pictures hanging in pairs,
 And marble steps to the marble stairs,
 And marble windows,

“Oh don't be an ass,”

“How could you see through marble glass.”

Now don't get excited, don't be misled,
 The glass was of marble, just as I said;
 Everything there was in marble stone,
 We'd a marble sun and moon, of our own,
 And whenever it rained, we had marble rain,
 So don't interrupt in my tale again.

I noted no change,
 It didn't seem strange,
 I came there, as nicely as you could arrange,

And landed there plump,
 With a skip and a jump,
 In those marble halls, cut from the big solid lump.
 And it didn't seem queer,
 That I should find here,
 All my old college friends, from the far off and near,
 Turning up all around,
 On a big football ground.
 It was rum that they came without making a sound ;
 We were playing a match,
 On a big marble patch,
 With a big marble ostrich egg, ready to hatch.

Here Quint Roughton, and Peel,
 D. Q., and A. Steel,
 Our hurdlerman Jarvis, as slim as an eel,
 The twin Hollands, and Hollins,
 Boss Horsfall, Jack Collins,
 And then by the bye
 The great Ivo Bligh ;
 Two Littleton's, Edward and Alfred, Jack Hughes,
 Holmes, Whitfield, and Luddington, all of them blues.
 Keith Faulkener, Lancashire, the two brothers Studd,
 Charlie Gurdon, and Hockin of Jesus and Rudd,
 Tuck, Morgan, and Jarrett, L. Berry and White,
 Cobbold, Hargreaves, and Prior forward man on the right,
 Dicky Finch and Jack Spurrell, Little Davis of Clare,
 Who was Varsity Cox, they were all of them there.
 And last but not least, with a deafening noise
 Came old Plummer Wilson, surrounded by boys.

I was goal,
 Not a soul
 Was within sight, or shout,
 Like a blast,
 Coming fast,
 Was the ball hatching out,

Fairly hot
 Was the shot
 At the goal, that they sent,
 I let go
 With my toe,
 Caught it full, back it went.
 Foot and leg
 Smashed the egg,
 From the shell flew the chick,
 Its absurd,
 But the bird
 Offered it off, pretty quick.
 Then I ran
 All I can ;
 I should say, all I could.
 But my legs
 Were like pegs,
 That were fashioned from wood.

Away I went, and I got the ball
 With a gallery rush, I dodged them all ;
 I ran so fast, I turned so quick,
 That I got right through, with my football chick,
 Out into the distance, far away ;
 And yet, I never got out of play.

Away, away,
 The whole of the day,
 But I never could quite keep the football in play,
 No matter my pace, it kept slipping away,
 When I suddenly spied,
 Almost at my side
 Colonel Fortescue's motor, it took but one stride
 To get in, and go off at a pace, for a ride.

Then I was in a fix,
 First the air wouldn't mix,

And the motor got playing me all sorts of tricks,
 Then the engines got hot,
 So did I, and a lot
 Of abuse gave the beauty for playing her rot.
 Then through day, and through night,
 I had to sit tight
 Hanging on to her works, in the deuce of a fright,
 For fear they should rule me offside, in the fight.

But things were improving,
 For now we were moving,
 Faster and faster,
 Courting disaster
 But playing the game in a way, till at last a
 Lake frozen with ice
 Lay in front, looking nice
 If you wanted to skate, but you take my advice,
 Don't motor at all on a surface of ice.

With the ball far in front, and the teams close behind,
 I had but a moment to make up my mind ;
 I was on to the lake, looking round turned aghast,
 For I saw the ice all breaking up as we passed.
 On and on speeding onward ; the waters rushed round.
 The wheels skidding about till we reached solid ground.

I rushed to the goal,
 For here were the whole
 Of the opposite team, with ball on the roll,
 And my side had all gone, and there wasn't a soul,
 Baring Berry the back,
 There's a kick, then a smack,
 I'm rolled heels over head, as I face the attack,
 They seized me, and sewing me up in a sack,
 I felt as I've said,
 Stifled, smothered, and red.

With a pillow of feathers, jammed on to my head.
 Held there by a pall as he laughingly said :
 "Breakfast's ready, old lazy bones, get up," then he fled,
 And I struggled up somehow to find, I'm in bed.

Oh dear, Oh dear,
 I find, I'm here,
 And not in a marble hall,
 And I cannot, I say
 At football play,
 It shakes me so when I fall,
 There is no game,
 Or motor, the same,
 It's only a dream I guess,
 No ice, no friends,
 And the ostrich egg ends,
 So I will get up and dress.

OUR DANCE. JANUARY 8, 1903.

IT was winter again,
 And in spite of the rain,
 The wind, and the cold, I protested in vain
 Against giving a dance,
 But I stood not a chance,
 For all my fond family lead the advance,
 And with arguments meet
 All my but's, till they beat
 Me at every point, and I haste to retreat.

Then without any care
 For me, Monsieur le Père,
 They laid both the drawing room, and dining room bare ;
 And they turned me out here, and they turned me out there,
 For I seemed, don't you know
 To be always *de trop*,
 Wherever I'd be or wherever I'd go ;
 And my things and my fads
 They were only poor Dad's,
 And must go to make room for the *lasses* and *lads*.

It was scarcely a ball,
 But still you might call
 It a dance for the children, the short and the tall,
 The fat, and the lean,
 From ten to nineteen,
 A few entered as aged, and a few in between.
 There were girls, there were boys,
 Men, and hobbledehoyes,
 To help at the dancing, and making a noise.
 Of girls, who were there,
 Some were dark, some were fair,
 Some had long flowing locks, some had put up their hair.
 Of men dancers to boot
 Some as bald as a coot,
 To the young one just learning his linen to shoot.
 They were all on the go,
 To dance all they know,
 And shove things along, if they got a bit slow.

They said I should feel
 Like a poor little eel,*
 When they take off his skin, from his head, to his heel ;
 But at least I survived,
 And somehow contrived
 To get up a smile, as the dancers arrived ;
 And I feel, I am bound

* The eel is said to like it.

To say, that I found
I enjoyed the whole evening immensely, all round.

First came Major Giles
With his good natured smiles,
Said, he liked being dragged to a dance between whiles ;
Mr. Bellingham swore,
Of all things, he'd adore
A dance after dinner, instead of a snore.
Then after a while,
The Bulters defile,
Bob's hair, done in early Victorian style,
Miss Ellis they say,
Had a dress of steel grey,
With her cousins in white, drove up next in their shay.
Dot Cooper in white,
Also Nesta, that night
Brought Arthur her brother, who's tillery quite.
Lallie, Gwen and Colleen, came all drest alike
With white chiffon flounces, protected by Mike,
With Trevor to guard him, in case the cheroot
Should upset the sailor boy, mixing his loot.
In fact, too many came
To mention each name,
And were mostly in white, while playing the game.

To twelve from eight
Seemed long, and late,
But no one was tired, so horses must wait,
And Chaperons stay,
And don't mind so they say,
So long as the children, are happy and gay,
And the dancing goes on, towards break of the day.
And all the night through,
The time simply flew,
As the dancing went merrily on until two,
And they all agree,

When I say,

“ You see ”

“ We must get up another, or two, or three ”

“ Of these dances ”;

And everyone promises me,
They will come then at eight, and stay untill three,
Next time, so good night to you all, from me.

ANSWER TO, AM I AGED OR AN IN-BEWEEN.

WHY do you ask, are any years more sweet
Than those from seventeen to twenty-five,
The whole world, then is lying at your feet
Asking to be enjoyed, allowed to strive
To gratify, to worship, and to meet
Your every wish, before you can contrive
To give your hope expression ; or complete
In thought, the form your pleasures shall arrive.

Why do you ask ; why seek the great unknown,
Or pass beyond the glamour of those scenes
Of girlhood's happiness. Should you have grown
To be a year or two, beyond your teens,
Rest there ; and leave it to the men alone
To grow old fogies from old in-betweens,
We cannot spare you from the place you own
To join as playing member, the Has beens.

APRIL 1.

ASKED TO SING IN A CONCERT IN RACE WEEK.

MY DEAR MINNIE,
I'm sure

It's a year, may be more,
Since you asked me to come and stay with you, and bore,
At your Concert your friends, as I stand up, and roar
Out some bold soldier's song of the African war,
Or some song of the sea with its wind in the Nor',
Its starboard, and port,
Its Craft trim, and taut
And its Loves, Sailors always have more than they ought.

But the fifteenth of April, I turn up, in vain,
In my diary book, and I sadly complain,
"Why hang it they've asked me in race week again,
And I can't get away;" but I feel half inclined
To say, "Cannot, be blowed," why the deuce should I mind,
Put your pleasure in front, and your duty behind,
Leaving Loo to lock up, and do all the grind.

But of course this is hum,
No, I really can't come;
When a man neglects work, someone else gets the plum.
In the end you will find, that neglect never pays,
And the man and his living, go different ways,
And he comes to the workhouse to finish his days.

So it won't do, that we
Leave in race week, you see
I must work for the missus, the babies, and me.

But if you with a hop,
To the twenty-first pop,
I will come and sing songs till you tell me to stop.

MARCH 11, 1903.

A LETTER OF THANKS FOR FLOWERS.

MY DEAR JULIUS REISS,

It is awfully nice,
To find, while we're freezing in cold rain, and ice,
We have friends in the south, who with thoughtful device,
Send us flowers, to brighten
Our homes, and to frighten
Away the dull day in our lives, and to lighten
With thoughts, that we are not forgotten, and heighten
The hopes, that the spring,
Will eventually bring
Some May days, like those about which poets sing,
Instead of the usual east winded thing.

So our winter declines,
The sun, actually shines ;
And most of our men have gone golfing.
But we're sorry to find,
You have been confined
To the house, with a bad go of coughing.

We hope that the breeze,
Blowing soft from the seas,
Will bring you back health, and we sinners
Shall see you ere long,
On our heath, going strong,
With good health, and good luck, and good winners.

APRIL 3, 1903. T. JENNINGS HAD A BAD FALL.

POSTED APRIL 16.

MY DEAR TOM,

Don't be cross,

I am quite at a loss
To know how it was, that you took such a toss,
Off your very respectable quiet old hoss.

I've just heard of your cropper,
How the earth acted stopper,
When your Tat crossed his legs, or did something improper.

Some hacks from pure joy,
Are said to employ
Any means to get rid of man, woman, or boy ;
Some on purpose fall down, with intent to annoy.

This indeed may be so,
But why, I don't know,
They prefer falling down, when they're geed up to go,
But as by the way
You are much more au fait
Than I am with the horse, and his vice, and his play,
His temper, his appetite, corn, and his hay.
To all of these questions, I leave you to say
And tell all about, le cheval, la, et les.

Meanwhile if you choose,
You can get all the news,
From the training reports of the Newmarket screws,
Or the Journal, I'm sure that can never refuse
Such a fence as your fall.

First a fit of the blues,
Your foot is so crushed, you can't get on your shoes,
How your body's a jelly, your flesh is a bruise,
Your bones are all broke, how you're rolled out quite flat,

How you would have been killed, were it not for the hat
Which at Martin's you bought. Cheap advertisement that,
The Newmarket Journal, will have it all pat,
And its big Posters say,

JENNINGS FALLS FROM HIS TAT.

When you've grown into years of discretion, no doubt
You will ride in a four wheeler carriage,
And give up the chances of tumbling about,
And be quite content to go slow, and grow stout,
Like all we old folk, after marriage.

Then we'll talk of the years that are past, how we raced,
How we rode, how we cricketed, and,
How the horse we thought certain to win, wasn't placed,
He was left at the post, so he wasn't disgraced,
We were left high and dry on the sand.

How at sports, cricket, football, and concerts, we found
You were first among women and men,
To set the thing going, and make the thing sound;
And how, you eventually got us a ground,
Ah, Newmarket was Newmarket, then.

How you easily won, you remember the race,
Its recalled to my mind pretty plain.
How you worked up our cricket with Ellis, and Pace,
And Chennell, who'd always a smile on his face,
Could we have those times over again.

Now I must have done. Years have passed in a throng
Since you and since I, were beginners;
And we hope, on the heath, we shall see you ere long
In the best of good health. with good luck, going strong
And a pretty good sprinkling of winners.

But since you've decided,
To take the step I did,
And chance all it brings to your door,
We old married men you
So often derided,
Think we hear you expressing
Your thoughts, saying, "Why did "
"I not, take this journey before."

And now, we all pray,
 And we hope, that you may
 Be the happiest couple about ;
 With health, and good fortune,
 To brighten your way,
 With peace, and contentment,
 Your hair growing grey,
 You'll prefer to go slow, and get stout.

MY DEAR MRS. TOLLER,
 I could not quite follow
 Why you, of all people, should plank down five dollar,
 Without reasonable hope, by a sermon to collar
 Some brass, and I thought,
 Past experience had taught,
 That sermons, can be at a big discount bought,
 And were scarcely the chaff, by which folk were caught.

But it seems, howsomever,
 That most of the clever,
 And all of the get-a-bits, hedging as ever,
 Were piling their shekels, on sermons endeavour.

But the weather, as yet
 Was windy, and wet,
 And all our best things of the week, were upset ;
 And there wasn't a one of us, captured a bet.
 But its over, and won,
 We are out of the fun,
 We are broke,
 Its no joke,
 And we're jolly well done.

We were glad of your letter,
 To say, Hill was better ;
 And you're off to the seaside, at Cromer, to get a
 Breath from the briney ; I think you will find
 Mrs. Fox at the Post Office, more to your mind
 In the way of a lodging, they're roomy, and large, [charge
 More convenient, and central, near the church, and the
 Much the same, as they don't face the sea ; I should say
 You might find Miss Watt's, a bit out of the way.
 I forget if I sent you my bits, on our dance,
 Here it is, hope you'll like it, I send it on chance.

WITH A PHOTO OF A MOTOR CAR.

DEAR HUGHES,
 Though a blur,
 This, you designate her,
 Or the Old Coffee Pot ; now I think
 That, the Fish Kettle Dame,
 More appropriate a name,
 And much more suggestive of stink.

Next time, you come down
 Into Newmarket town,
 If you kindly will call at the Bank ;
 If you think it a treasure,
 I will give you, with pleasure,
 The negative, of your old tank.

JULY 20, 1903.

RAINED HARD FOR A MONTH. MR. J. SAYS
WELLS ARE DRY, WE ARE SHORT OF WATER.

MY DEAR MR. JOSLING,
We ask you again,
Are your wells still all dry?
Have you had enough rain?
For whenever we meet you,
We notice you cry,
"We are four inches short,"
"And our wells, are all dry."

The farmers, aver that
The drought, was God sent,
That they justly may ask
A reduction of rent;
Though they may be our friends,
We hope, not in vain
We may ask, if you will
Not, cease praying for rain.

ANSWER FROM MR. J.

CHEER up, my Charles Edward, take courage, don't croak,
For our "chalk" once a month, needs a thorough good
soak,
All our "taters" are tiny, our "wuzzels" quite small
And the "game" has at present no "cover" at all.

That poor timid creature, the townsman, complains
 If the clerk of the weather is flushing the drains,
 How he dreads you black cloud. How he shuddered at mud.
 Why not build a "Noah's Ark" and prepare for a flood.

Or be quite up to date, jog along with the age,
 Send a wire to "Negretti" and start a new gauge?

*Moulton Rectory,
 July 27, 1903.*

Signed W. J. J.

LETTER OF THANKS FOR GUINEA FOWL EGGS.

CROMER, AUGUST, 1903.

THANKS, thanks, a thousand thanks, for you did send
 Those luscious ova, of the Guinea bird.
 But we regret, you do not come old friend,
 And join us here ; in August its absurd
 To tell you if you come to bring your skates
 And macintosh and long boots ; its no lark,
 It rains a deluge, when the wind abates,
 So leave your bike, and sail down in an ark.

MY first is a delicate morsel, but then,
 You must spell, all your words as they sound.
 My second pronounced as by Irishmen,
 Is the home, where my first may be found.
 My third rightly spell,
 English men never tell,
 It is told, but by characters shady.
 My whole when announced,
 Rightly spelt and pronounced
 Is the name of a beautiful lady.

AN APOLOGY FOR A LETTER ADDRESSED
REV. PLUMMER WILSON.

MY DEAR UNCLE PLUMPTON, I think it a shame
You should saddle the theft upon me,
Of stealing so grossly, such weight from your name,
As exactly a ton, and a p ;
My dear little missus must take all the blame,
It was she, in addressing, was playing the game,
And for got,
Reversed not,
After P.
So she sends an apology for she's afraid,
She has sadly mixed up the church, with a trade,
In fact she was calling a shovel, a spade.

Though by plumbing, and glazing, in orders, at least,
You might easily double, the screw of a Priest,
And appreciate greatly, an income increased.

ANSWER TO A COMPLAINT, SIGNED SNOWED-UP
FROM REV. O. HAMMOND, AGAINST SNOW.

NOV. 27, 1904.

DEAR Old Snowed-up, bless the snowing,
It is what we wanted badly,
In its whiteness, bright and glowing,
By its depth, on us bestowing
Blessings, let us take it gladly.

And if e'er this letter reaches,
Through the frost, and through the snow,
Take the lesson that it teaches,
As a text for him who preaches :
"Seek ye patience, here below."

Give us patience in the morning,
Uncomplaining unaluring,
In the evening came the warning,
Frost and snow, until the dawning.
Patience, are we not enduring?

Moulton's Abbot, prophesying
Drought, and famine, and starvation,
Said, "The springs are all adrying,"
Said, "The crops are all adying,"
"Over all our Eastern Nation.

For he'd gauged the rain afalling,
Finding each year, inches shorter,
Till it grew to be appalling,
And the land, was calling: calling,
For its fair supply of water.

Came the welcome snow, to save us
From the famine, down it tumbled,

And we took what nature gave us,
 With a growl. If you'll belave us,
 Though we wanted it, we grumbled.

So, from Patience take your teaching.
 At her shrine receive your learning.
 Humbly, willing, and beseeching.
 Then, retail it in your preaching,
 When the snow to sludge is turning

TOO HOT; OR A DREAM BY REQUEST, FOR A
 SCHOOL MAGAZINE. DEC. 30, 1904.

I RECEIVED your request,
 A rum'un it seems.

"When you go to your rest,"
 "Oh dreamer of dreams,"
 "Go dream me a dream,"
 "And writing your best,"
 "Please send me the theme ;"
 "This is all my request,"
 "Oh, dreamer of dreams."

I dreamt, I was Head Master
 Of a whacking Public School ;
 Though why the fancy came, I could not tell ;
 For I am no use at teaching,
 And at classics I'm a fool,
 And I'm just as good at other things as well.

Of course, as dreams are only dreams,
 Why, nothing would go right,
 No matter what it was I had in hand,
 For, if I dreamt of day time,
 It perpetually was night,
 And dreaming of the sea, I sailed on land.

I was sitting in my study,
 When the ceiling opened wide,
 And a postman flung in letters from the town,
 I could not even read a single
 Letter, when I tried,
 Because, I had to hold them upside down.

I had not finished trying,
 When a train, rushed through the wall,
 But somehow did not seem to leave a breach.
 And a thousand mothers, with their boys,
 Were landed in the hall,
 Oh joy, a thousand boys for me to teach.

Oh! The interviews were painful;
 Well, you know about the size,
 Each boy, the greatest prodigy you'll find.
 There was nothing, that he could not do,
 And in his mother's eyes,
 WAS, the most absolutely perfect of his kind.

The mothers all surrounded me;
 One said, if Johny's ill,
 I fear my darling has a nasty trick,
 You must see him take his powders,
 As he cannot take a pill
 And you'll find, his powders always make him sick.

I hope you'll see him change his socks,
 Whenever he comes in;
 And all his underwear, when he's been hot;

Be sure, you see he always wears
His flannel next his skin,
And sleeps between the blankets in his cot.

Slap bang, and the mothers were only one,
The others, had passed away ;
Of the boys alas,
Only one young ass
Of the thousand, had come to stay ;
And this lonely pair
Quite a multitude were
In themselves, in their quiet way.

Then the mother, began to sing his praise,
As a thousand mothers might.
He could read quite well,
And could really spell,
And his sums, were a wondrous sight.
"And I really think"
"That with pen and ink,"
"But there ; you must see him write."

For our boy, is a boy of a thousand boys,
And a thousand boys, in one.
You can see by his size,
He will win first prize ;
As he weighs nigh twenty stun.
But never forget,
He's our only pet,
He must learn, as well as run.

Master speaks :

Oh, nobody writes nowadays : if they do,
Its a puzzle to woman and man ;
For the schools of to-day
Teach them only to play ;
They may learn if they like, is the plan ;

For the Masters delight
To make their boys write,
As badly, as ever they can.

Cricket and football, of course we teach,
Tennis and racquets, and fives,
These are of use,
When you introduce
The boys, all the rest of their lives.
If to books you allude,
You'll find they're tabooed,
And only the play survives.

Our Masters, are Oxford and Cambridge men.
We make it a *sine qua non*
That first, we choose
From the Cricket blues,
Then football, and then so on,
For senior wranglers, there is no use ;
The days of working are gone.

Then I noted, the mothers had all returned,
And they rose in a body, and said,
You must make our kids learn,
As they have to earn
Their living, by hand and head.
Have ever you heard
A thing so absurd,
As to earn your daily bread.

So I answered, A little Latin and Greek,
Perhaps, we may teach your brat ;
Oh, don't be alarmed,
I think you'll be charmed,
For we teach very little of that.
We wont over work,
But we wont let him shirk
At the games. He might get too fat.

We NEVER, NEVER, allow the work
 To interfere with the play,
 If a boy has brains,
 Then we take pains,
 But if he's a fool ; a fool he remains.

Then hurrying down,
 With ominous frown,
 Came Fathers, and Mothers, from country, and town,
 To sweep my school away.
 And with broom, and with duster,
 They swept me a buster,
 Turned me over, and over,
 From Calais to Dover,
 In a rolling sea
 Of sainfoin and clover.

I tried to run away from them,
 I could not go a yard,
 My feet, had grown so tender,
 And the road had grown so hard.
 I was smothered, I was stifled,
 I was drowning in the sea,
 I woke, I found it dark as pitch,
 I said, "Where can I be."

There were shouts of laughter round me,
 And a rug, was round my head.
 They battered me with pillows ;
 I was less alive than dead.
 It was a rude awakening,
 From a most unpleasant dream ;
 And they seemed to think it funny,
 Things, ain't always what they seem.

Then they left me, and they told me,
 While I struggled from the floor,
 "If you will sleep in the drawing room,"
 "We wont stand it, if you snore."

A DUOLOGUE.

FATHER AND MOTHER, ELDEST BABE 21 TO-DAY,
JANUARY 31, 1905.

Father. IT seems but a day,
Well, a week, let us say,

Mother. Say a month, or a year, but no more.

Father. I'll admit it seems two,
If it seems so to you.

Mother. Say it's three, for it doesn't seem four.

Father. Five, or six, sure as fate.

Mother. Say she's seven, or eight ;
How well I remember her then.

Father. Oh, don't draw it too fine,
Let's suppose she is nine.

Mother. No, I think she must really be ten.

Father. Elevens, and twelves,
We are scarcely ourselves.
What's a year or two more when you're green.

Mother. Then thirteen might fit,

Father. No, let us admit
She has reached to the age of fourteen.

Mother. Perhaps fifteen you'd find
May be more to your mind,

Father. If it's sixteen, we're still in the dark.

Mother. Seventeen is so sweet.

- Father.* So's eighteen, I repeat.
- Mother.* Wouldn't nineteen be nearer the mark.
- Father.* Think her age what you will,
 She is twenty, and still
 She's enjoying a life full of fun.
- Father* But it seems that at last,
& Mother Her birthday is past,
together. And our Baby, is twenty, and one.

WAR AMONG BOOKS.

BEGAN FEB. 26, ENDED MIDDAY 27.

I.

'TWAS a winter evening, cold, and grey ;
 The boys, had only just gone away,
 For school was over, the term was done,
 The Christmas holidays had begun ;
 When, passing along the passage floor,
 I thought I heard voices in number four ;
 I entered to see, whom I there might find,
 Saw nothing but lesson books, left behind ;
 But I heard distinctly, an Ovid cry,
 "Cave," * "Old Plummer is passing by."

* Head Master Sandroid.

II.

There were all the school books, I should better describe
 Them, as only the remnants left, of their tribe;
 For they must have been having a tribal war,
 As their corpses were lying all over the floor;
 And the cause of Dispute, was not far to seek.
 "What do you think of Compulsory Greek?"
 Then the row began, in the usual way,
 By the sitting on French, by a cheap Greek play.

III.

"Allez Cochon," said the big French book,
 Sil vous plait; voulez vous; take your hook
 Oh! French and English, you cannot speak,
 And German's unknown to the Latin, and Greek;
 You're a useless couple, the French book said;
 Why don't the languages bury their dead?
 All over the world, wherever you choose,
 French, is the language Diplomats use.
 With German, I'm spoken at every court,
 And I really wonder, we're not more taught.
 For we're wanted in business of every kind;
 And out of a thousand men, you will find,
 We, are most useful, in every line,
 To at least, nine hundred and ninety nine.

IV.

Then Homer spoke.

I will quite allow,
 I am not made,
 For business, or trade.
 But f'r Scholars, and Scholars, even now
 In these awful days, "When all men bow,
 To only, the God with the Golden Brow,
 If there's but one in ten thousand thow,"
 It is really worth

The time, to unearth
 This specimen pup, from the tailor crew,
 Whom their tutors say,
 Getting worse each day,
 Just learn enough classics, to scramble through
 Their minor Exams., then off they plod,
 To seek and worship the Golden God.

V.

Don't open us please, for we're been used
 By ignorant boys, and been badly bruised ;
 My pages are torn from cover and case,
 I've scarcely one left in its proper place,
 Tattered and torn, I shall never be read.
 I was seized by Robins, to bash the head
 Of Terapin Jones, for his blooming cheek,
 In daring to give his opinion, and speak
 On the classical side, of Compulsory Greek.

VI.

They collared me, both, with struggle, and laugh ;
 They both fell back, I was torn in half.
 And how they did strive,
 The air was alive ;
 For with all books handy, the boys let drive ;
 Some ten to attack,
 Wang, bang, and a smack,
 As the classic defenders are hurling us back,
 All torn, less or more,
 While on to the floor
 Our loose pages flit ; some one rushed to the door,
 Cave, cave, they called,
 And the boys were appalled,
 At the litter, and to their hands and knees crawled,
 By hook, and by crook,
 Tidy up every book,

Thus giving us all a most mixed sort of look.
And we I am sure,
All of us, deplore
Having insides made up, from that mess on the floor,
Here, are pages from Homer,
From a guide book of Cromer,
Mixed with some, which were torn from a history of Rome, a
Shakespearean play,
A part of a lay
By the great Walter Scott, the last minstrel, they say ;
An Algebra page,
And some by that sage
Poor old Barnard Smith, who is not of this age.

VII.

Then, collecting the bits,
Each boy, ere he flits,
Throws them on to the fire, while one of them sits
Watching, while he destroys,
Then he hide without noise,
In a cover, styled,
Stories for good little boys,
All odd pages, and puts them away with his toys.

VIII.

Wont each Father be pleased, the next term when he looks
Through the quarter's accounts, and sees pounds for new
books.

GOLF, JUNE 22, 1905.

MY Lord Duke Swagger, of London Town,
 Correctly dres't
 Coat, trousers, and vest,
 Took a third class ticket, to travel down,
 When going to stay
 With his Uncle, and play
 On the Royal Worlington links, and show
 Them all how a ball when hit, should go.

My nephew speaks :

'Twas eight miles off, I did deplore,
 There was no motor, or coach and four,
 Or tandem, believe me man alive
 There wasn't a thing on the place to drive ;
 He said, we could carry our things on a bike,
 Or go upon Shanks' mare, if I'd like.

Well, Giles came too, now he and I
 Are nearly always, like as we lie ;
 So I said, as he came to play with me,
 Here's this silly old bouncer to make a three,
 It's an awful bore, I hope you don't mind,
 But we'll try and leave the old beggar behind,
 And just to please the old chap, we can
 Describe him as one of the also ran.

Giles went first, and then I followed,
 Then the old boy came, and holloaed
 That we had'nt driven any,
 Oh, we were a pretty pair.
 Teed his ball, while he explained,
 Took a swipe ; the ball remained
 But a ton of turf was missing,
 Flying wildly through the air.

At the second tee, my Unker
Drove his ball into a bunker,
And as quite the proper thing, he sent
His boy to fetch it back,
For he exclaimed, Oh, wedding bells?
When I'm playing two such swells,
Its only right and proper
I should have another smack.

Soon, we lost this holy terror,
Still committing every error,
Digging wildly with an iron,
On, I think the seventh green.
When we'd finished tea, he came,
He had done his nine hole game
In, he said, he thought one hundred
And from ten, to seventeen.

We were starting, as the light
Was fading, just to be polite,
We hoped he'd play again with us,
But wished him well in Spain ;
At his "No" our joy, inside
We vainly tried to hide ;
And we thanked our merry stars
He did not want to play again.





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